Then stay at home, my heart, and rest, .
The bird is safest in the nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,
A news is hovering in the sky." -Longfellew.

TOUNG FOLKS.

Little Foxes. Among my tender vines I spy A little fox named—By-and-by. Then set upon him quick, I say. The swift young hunter-Right away. Around each tender vine I plant I find the fox-I can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran, Chase him with bold and prave-I can! No use in trying-lars and whines This iox among my tender vines,

Then drive him low and drive him high With this good hunter, named-I'll try.

Creeps in the young fox-I lergot. Then hunt him out and to his den With-I will not forget again.

Among the vines in my small lot

A little fox is hidden there Among my vines, named-I don't care.

Then let "I'm sorry"-hunter true-Chase him afar from vines and you. -Christian Union.

Little Men and Women. Can you put the spider's web back in its place That once has been swept away? Can you put the apple again on the bough,
That feil at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing,
That was crushed by a cruel blow?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
You think that these questions are triffling, dear,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or an unkind deed undone?

A Plucky Young Man.

Here is a true story of successful energy.

young drug clerk wrote from the Far Vest to a prominent pharmacist in New | Him." York, saying he would like to come to the sity and enter a store. He came, but when the pharmacist questioned him personally he found that his visitor had never put up prescriptions written in Latin; consequently, he could not get a situation. He did not know a soul in the great city, not even the gentleman to whom he had written (until he met him at his store). He sought in vain for a place, and finally found a subordinate position, where he was given five llars a week and had to board himself. He was a studious, pushing, active young fellow, and scon managed to attend the lectures at the College of Pharmacy. The gentleman with whom he had corresponded ook an interest in him, and invited him to come to his store and assist in the manufacturing of fluid extracts. Once he howed his employer what he could do in that line. The man was surprised. "Why can't you do something of that kind for me?" he asked. The cierk said he could, and his salary (which in the meanwhile had been slightly increased) was raised to very respectable proportions. He worked for a time in this way, eventually receiving a salary of fifty dollars a week; finally he opened a laboratory of his own, and to day he employs forty or fifty "hands." And yet, when he arrived in New York he did not bave a dollar, and was without influence and without friends.-From "Ready for Business," by George J. Manson, in St. Nicholas for November.

A Genuine Santa Claus. A Washington Correspondent of the Chi-cago Inter-Ocean says that a gentleman has been discovered in Washington who has sen for several years discharging in a oughly practical manner the kind offices uted to Santa Claus. His method of eration originated simply, and may be opted and successfully practiced by other nevolent men. This Washington Kriss Kringle is a quiet, well-to-do gentleman on Capitol Hill, and for seven years he has been playing Santa Claus. He obtains from the postoffice all the letters dropped in the boxes and in the office by little people addressed to Santa Claus, Kriss Kringle, etc. "Seven years ago," he said, "I saw in the papers among the list of advertised letters one addressed to Santa Claus. I thought I would get it and see what was in it and what the little writer wanted. I had hard work to pursuade the Postmaster to let me have it, but succeeded, and I receive all that sort of letters that come to the Postoffice now. They run from half a dozen to twenty or more a year. They come from all parts of the country, and with all sorts of requests. Some come from children away from the privileges of books and papers, and ask for something to read, though of course the majority want toys and that sort of thing. To those that ask for books or seem to want something of this class I usually end books. Many I refer to their parents. n some cases I have personal knowledge ibst the results of the letters and answers have been to brighten the homes and lives of the little ones, not only for the moment but permanently. I know it has been a sood experience for me. I look forward to Christmas now as eagerly as the most anxous child on account of this feature of and so do the members of my family.'

Ger trude's Faith-A Christmas Story. Mrs. A. D. Hawkins in the Brazil, Ind., Democrat.

It was the day before Christmas. The whistles were blowing for 5 e'clock in the orning-calling men from their alumbers to prepare for the day's labor. Away in the e could be neard first one chanticleer bravely sounding forth his shrill note, then another one gave his hoarse call, and then

in the humble room in the tenemnet house they called home, listening to all these sounds with a feeling of awe, a sense of lone-

In the dim gray light things had a spec-tral appearance, and her thoughts and feelsurroundings of the occasion. She remembers that this is the morning before Christchambers in that lovely home, upon a snowy
mas eve—joyous time for children.
She thinks of the old, old in death. Clasped close to her pulseless
story of the Shepherds who watched heart she holds her little infant child, whose their flocks by night, and how the angels came down singing the first Christ- time.
mas carol the world ever heard; thinks, too, The of how the Wise Men came from the East. guided by the Star, until they found the manger in which lay the infant Jesus.
Wonderful story! With these thoughts come
also the remembrance of other facts, not so
pleasant to contemplate. How poor she is.
Never before has a Christmas found her
without plenty of food and with high hopes
of good cheer for the coming morrow. Now,
also the remembrance of other facts, not so
pleasant to contemplate. How poor she is.
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without plenty of food and with high hopes
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of good cheer for the coming morrow. Now,
also the remembrance of other facts, not so
pleasant to contemplate. How poor she is.
Nover before has a Christmas found her
without plenty of food and with high hopes
of good cheer for the coming morrow. Now,
also the remembrance of other facts, not so
the pretty fancy work for the Christmas
gifts. Only yesterday her voice was heard
singing so sweetly a grand old Christmas
anthem. So lately she sung and spoke and of any. As the tears gather and fall softly upon her pillew she wonders if the Christ child, whose lot was cast in the midst of the windows on that winter day—the day piching poverty, does not feel for the poor pefore Christmas. hildren on earth even more than God Him-

are days which business men call children and their friends who are driving home. Her kind father has had no homeward as the day advances. ese are dark days in her father's house

knows the limited supply of meagre fare is almost exhausted. For days she has seen the care, the grief, the disappointment. stamped upon her dear father's face, and brave little girl that she is, she has said not a word of wna! she needs or wishes for the

coming Christmas. Silence reigns in the room-a silence unbroken save by the steady breathing of the sleepers or the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel. She knows it will be of no use to waken the father whose willing hands-which would gladly grasp the ponderous sledge and make it ring out the music so welcome to the industrious poor man's ears -are forced to die idle-idle!

Again her thoughts go back to the ever pleasing theme of Christmas. Then comes to her remembrance the words of the Psalmist and she says to herself how rich God of are His," and again "the cattle upon a thousand hills."

Verse after verse comes to her memory until one alone, which her dear teacher has read and expounded to her, rings out clear and plain "According to your faith be it unto you," and again "Ask and ye shall receive." Slipping quietly out of her bed she kneels upon the floor, and with her head bowed upon her litile hands she sweetly prays thus: "Dear Jesus-You know what it is to be poor. Will you please pity us? Will you please have your father send our father work to do? Please ask Him to send us good things for a merry Christmas day.' And then, after a silence as if she were battling with a mental problem of how and what to say, and just how much she might ask for, a fittle sob bursts out and the words "Dear Jesus, ask him to send us a turkey

anyhow." Quietly slipping back into bed, she was scon wrapped in peaceful slumbers. Not till little Tom, her bedfellw, awakened her by calling to her did she arouse from the morning nap.

"Gertie! oh. Gertie," said he, "do you think we'll have any Christmas?" "Of course we will. Everybody does, cause it comes anyhow." good things?"

"But I mean will w, have presents and "Yes. I don't know just how much we'll have, but we will have a turkey." "Psha! What makes you think so, Ger-

"Jesus says so." 'Oh, He never," says Tom. "Yes. He does." "You never saw Him, Gertie Wise." "But He says so in the Bible, and I believe

"Oh, Gertie, that's an awful story and I'll Tom bolts into his clothes and runs to the little kitchen crying at the top of his

voice. "Oh, ma, don't you think Gertie Wise says that Jesus says in the Bible that we're going to have turkey on Christmas day. Does He. know?" The long suffering little mother looks up with a queer smile as she says, "Gertie means all right. You do not under-tand

her, my son. For well she knew that Ger-trude had interpreted the Bible promise literally, and as she probably asked for turkey she expects to receive turkey. The stinted meal of coffee made from parched corn, potato soup and bread and molasses is soon over and another day of patient waiting fairly sets in. The father wraps himself up warmly and prepares for a ten mile walk to an odjeining village in hopes to find a job of common day labor, saying "if I get work I shall not come back for several days, and mother you must do the best you can on what little is left to

Little Gertie slips her hand in his and says as she looks up into his face, "Don't worry, pa, we're going to have turkey to-

"I hope you may, my daughter, but papa can hardly earn the turkey and get it here for you by Christmas day, but darling. you shall indeed have a nice one on New Year's day if I get the work."

"But we'll have one to-morrow, papa." "Yes," says Tom, "don't you think she says that Jesus says so in the Bible." Poor little Gertie stands blushing and tearful, yet firmly asserting, "I know we

"Oh, that's a guy," says Tom. "Does He say anything about fire crackers, too?" "Hush, Tom, you shall not tease your sister. There are things in the Bible that are past my understanding. Who knows!

his ears the memory of words he had heard in his boyhood: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities them that fear Him," and he brushed a tear away as he thought of Gertle—his child, Gertle.

And in the little home left behind the mother was busy patching, while Gertie washed dishes and swept and rocked the baby to sleep, and then she had time to watch the passers by.

The snow lay smooth and white, well beat-en down, splendid for sleighing, and the air was ringing with the sound of merry sleigh city. The great plate glass show windows were full of gorgeous things—things costly and rare. All along Broadway and Commercial street, and up Washington and Capital, and down Fourth, the crowds of ladies and happy children trooped along, full of glee, full of hope, full of joy, and apparently full of peace and good will to mankind—at least

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." The same God who | "Jackson, you may take this tree after | riot at Ephesus. There is no evidence that ing too small or too humble for His attention. Let us see how He lays His fingertouches and commands by a breath. Let us see bow Gertie's faith is rewarded. is only a little girl-only a poor man's child. And it is only a turkey she has prayed for, and yet her faith may be as strong as that of King David the pealmist, and is just as precious in the sight of the Father and will just

as scon be rewarded. While Gertrude watches the many groups of children with packages of toys and sweetcame a chorus from half a dozen or more proclaming the new born day as if to press their claims for attention from the public.

And now the clock from the CityHall tolls the girl stands also at the window watching forth solemnly one, two, three, four, five.
and suddenly the city becomes alive and
with a clatter, a clash, a clang and a roar,
the machinery of city life moves on.
LittleGertrude Wise lay in her trundle bed

the girl stands also at the window watching
the passing pageant. In the rich man's
home accross the street one looks forth with
eyes swollen from long and bitter weeping.
Every now and then sobs shake her little
form as she leans wearily against the windoweasing and peers through the closed blinds. Her father's splendid mar s'on is darkened, and from the silver door knob there floats out on the winter breeze the vable emblems of mourning. In the solemn hours of midnight there came to ings partake of the nature of the sounds and their home two mysterious visitors-Life span of life covered but a single hour of

The mother, so lately a living, breathing, loving, real mother, is dead. No wonder the busband sits in his darkened library

laughed within her home that the echocs have scarcely died away. And this is why the little fairy-like child stands grieving by

She gradually finds sights to attract their attention, and for the time forgets the grief

lost, and her cry rings out again, "Oh, mamma, my blessed mamma."

"Hush, my dear," says her nurse who comes forward and clasps her in her arms. 'Your mamma is an angel now.' "Me don't want an angel-me don't love angels-me only wants mamma!" "But, dear, she has gone to Heaven. God

"Me don't love God if He took my mamma -me don't know angels-me wants mamma these my own mamma. "Oh, but darling, you be good so you can go to Heaven to see your mamma." "But me don't want to go. Home is the best place. Me wants mamma to home."

And so poor nurse has to give up in de-The child-like sense of us older children of larger growth cries out in bitternesss of must be. "The earth and the fullness there- spirit at the sudden cruel loss which had come to her.

Seeing her failure nurse now tries to turn the little one's attention "Oh, see that little girl across the street. I wonder what her name is. What pretty shining bair she has-it looks like silk."

"Who's her nursey? "I don't know, Miss Angie: but some day you may go over and see her and she will tell you her name. You may ask her to come and play with your dollies." "Oh, may I?"

for contemplation, nurse left the little one with the sweet brown eyes to look and think her quaint thoughts. She looks and looks again at the little Gertrude in her clean frock and fresh blue and white check apron. She likes that face. It rests her from her sorrow to watch every

Seeing her interested in the new object

But presently she sees the corner of the little stranger's apron lifted to wipe a tear away, and then another and another. Instantly her tender little heart responds to the demand for sympathy. With flying feet she quickly passes through the hall, down the long stairway and out at a side door. The soft, thick carpets give no echoes of her footsteps, and she is away and across the street all unseen by the household. Bareheaded, her long silken locks floating out over her soft rich garments, she looks the very embodiment of a poem. Running with outstretched hands she grasps Gertrude's garments, and looking up into her

"Be your's mamma dead, too, little girl? "No, oh, no!"

"Oh, nothing much. I was only thinking. I'm lonesome and sorry "What makes you sorry?" "My father has gone away and I miss

"What makes you cry then?"

"Oh! Have you got any little brother?" "What's his name?" "Tommy.

"What's your name?" "Gertrade Wise." "That's a beufull name. Take me in your house little girl for I'm so cold and yonesome, too, Me don't like we's house any more-it's so yonesome to we's house." Clasping her hand in hers Gertrude led the little one and tells her mother it is the little

in a whisper, "the little girl whose mother is dead to-day.' Going up to Mrs. Wise, who sits rocking the cradle with her foot while she patches Tommy's coat, the child says-"Please won't you take me up and rock

girl from over in the great big house, adding

"Wby. yes, of course I will," comes the cheerful answer. "You poor little lamb." A half hour slips quickly away. There is very little said, but the sweet brown eyes are taking in all the surroundings, and oh! how enjoys the clasp of those motherly arms which hold her so tenderly. Finally jump-

ing down she says"I think I must go home now; papa will miss me; he's yonesome too, I spect." She walks out and away as promptly and quietly as she came.

Once within her own doors she goes to her

father in his library, and springing up into the outstretched arms ready to receive her, she cuddles up to him and says: "Me don't want me's Chrisamps tree; me don't want anythings; me don't like presents: papa send them all away to the little girl over the street and to her little brother

"What little girl, darling? Who is she?" says her father. "Gertie Wise. Come, me will show you,"

and leading her father to the window she pointed out the little house. "How do you know but she has a Christmas tree, daughter? "Me did go over to her house and see. Her papa is gone and they are yonesome,

like we. Her mamma did rock me, too-oh, so nice. Thoughtfully, with tearful eyes, the father looked down upon his lonely child-and looking and thinking he realized the fact that she was too young to bear this blow in its full force.

Tenderly clasping her in his arms he "Come, love, we will go and pick out a few keepsakes to remember our dear little bells. It was just a beautiful day in the mother by, and then we will send the tree and all there is in it to your little girl across

the street. Let them be happy if we are not. It will be a royal gift to them." Unlocking the drawing room door they entered. One and onother of the gifts that the loving mother's fingers had fashioned

and placed upon the tree for them they carefully laid away. Ringing for the black coachman he then

dark and remove it carefully to the little house across the way and present it to little Gertrude Wise in the name of my daughter. And, Jackson, while you are about it, take a turkey also, for pine limbs and popcorn are poor food, however much the toys may please the children. Give the lady my thanks for comforting my little baby girl," and then with a sob of grief, the father walked slowly away with his little golden-haired child child clasped close to his heart. Jackson knew just how to plan it. When the children were in bed and asleep he, haying forewarned Mrs. Wise, walked softly, in, bearing upon his browny shoulders the royal looking tree, snow clad and laden with whistles, and drams, and dolls, and toys of every kind and of costly quality. There were dresses and aprons, and mittens, and stockings; there were stores of candies, and loads of birds, and butterflies, and stars, there were candles ready to light with a And last of all, there were firecrackers for

Returning after a few minutes. Jackson gravely finished his errand by presenting the turkey, and seriously, almost tearfully. he explained the situation in their sorrowful mansion. "Now, madame," said Jackeon, "let me light up the candles and then you call down your children, fur pears like I'd like to see them 'joy its charms.'

When finally the tree was all aglow with light and beauty, and Jackson had hidden himself behind a doer to watch unobserved, Mrs. Wise, who had waked and dressed her children, led them into the room. Tom met the situation with a shout of joy, while Gertrude stood in silent wonder,

eyes slowly filling with tears until the tur-key caught ber sight, then seizing it she cried out exultantly to Tom. "I knew He would send it." Would it not be better for us all if poverty, bereavement and affliction of every kind

would work in us the perfect work of Faith,

Hope and Charity? Soil covered with living herbage or with such dead vegetable matter as leaves, straw. wood dung, &c., says Prof. E. Wollny, is

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Our readers are invited to furnish original enigmas, charades, riddles, rebuses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chadbourn, Lewiston,

No. 1061 .- Our Neighbors. Cold winter, dread winter, is with us again, Making work for the tongs and the poker; But shall we of bracing cold weather complain If we can have wood and a stoker?

We've a set of tough neighbors well posted in If their odd name is not a misnomer, Who would handle our fuel, or might if they In a way that would cheer the chilled mosner.

They would ask, I am sure, not much but their They are furnished already with raiment; Not misers are they, though they hide and they For to eat is their chief entertainment.

They sleep in their celiars, eat cabbage and Will they leave their warm berths and good With nothing to do but to eat, and in dreams Live over the feasts they are keeping?

They have cousins abroad with a name, nom de Whose meaning is somewhat provoking; In this Frenchified way they politely assume To mar all our puns and our joking.

No. 1062.-An Anagram.

While some are feeling gay, And others feeling sad, We will only say: GOVERN, CLEVER LAD. NELSONIAN.

No. 1063 .- Transpositions. [A goat story.] 1. A little - goat - over candy for the --- of an hour. 2. This same goat being the liveliest of

- caps and -- the climax by getting into a fearful --- by one of its foolish ---Whereat his goatship's ---, being one of Barnum's fox --, casts him into a big ---, where he is drowned. ERMINA S.

No. 1064 .- A Charade. If in a newspaper you chance to be reading, And something the style of the following find, 'For the young and the old an amusement we Instruction, and profit and pleasure combined,

You may know it's my all Mr. Editor mentions;

If "profit and laureis" you're wanting to win, Sit down to your desk, and with pen, and with paper, And the big Dictionary before you,—begin. Don't use all the ones Mr. Webster may offer:
And nothing insert that he doesn't indorse;
Pursuing the final with ardor and caution,

And when you have done, roll your manuscript For careless arrangement is always despised; And quietly wait for the premium offered, And if you don't get it, now don't be surprised.

For my all is a thing that's environed with

No. 1065 - Decapitations. Comes from the clouds' dark, dismal scroll A sudden blaze-it is my whole, Behead me, then I pray beware, For I can strike-please have a care! lichead me yet again, and see!

No 1066 .- A Pyramid. A consonant. An animal. Tardier.

There rises up a well known tree.

Haughtier. Most gloomy Pertaining to aerology, Objects pre-existent to the Deluge. Centrals downward. Consistent with the laws of Nature.

No 1067 .- A Riddle. In almost every box and trunk, I surely take a In coach and car, in wardrobe and in case. Of every yard I form a part,

In boots and shoes I am oft found, In gloves oft times am I: In church and school, and hall and cot, As well as in the sty.

CLARA HEITKAM.

Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," nicely bound in cloth and illustrated, will be given the sender of the best lot of answers to the "Knotty Problems" published during January. The solutions for each week should be forwarded within six days after the date or the Sentinel containing the puzzles an-

Auswers.

1047.-Aye-aye. 1048 .- Flag rant. 1049 .- Intimidate 1050. The letter C.

1051.-Star. 1052.—Six feet. 1053, -Incomprehensibleness.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

International Lessons-First Quarter, 1885. By Henry M. Grout, D. D .- January 4-Paul at Troas.-Acts 20: 2-16. GOLDEN TEXT .-- And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break break, Paul preached unto them.—Acts 20:7.

It is now the early part of the summer of the year A. D. 57, and very soon after the the "uproar," violent as it was, hastened the Apostle's departure from that city. Already, before the outbreak, he had "purposed in the spirit" to undertake the journey on which be is now setting out (19:21). Nor does he now make undue haste. Calling a farewell meeting, he takes an affectionate leave of the disciples, and departs. What we have in this part of the narrative may be grouped under three heads.

1. A brief record of a great work (2-6),-Not all our best work finds human recognition, much less historical record, in this world. But no part of it is forgotten in Heaven. The period of time, covered by the first six of these verses, was not less than nine or ten months. It is, however, touch-everything complete and beautiful. only from allusions here and there in the Epistles that we get even hints of how the

most of it was spent.
From Ephesus Paul went to Troas, where of disciples. Thence he passed to Philippi, where he wrote the second Epistle to the Corinthians, and thence to Illyricum, and through Thessalonics and Berea to "Greece." o" Achaia. We may be sure that a good share of the three months of his abode here were passed at Corinth; for it was at this place and time that he wrote his powerful

the Galatians. Three or four things only are noted respecting this journey. (a) To the churches in Macedonia he gave "much exortation." Having planted the seed he was eager to look after its growth. Young Christians, and older ones too, have need of doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in rightconsness. Work designed to confirm and develop faith is never unimportant. (b) At wait for him," to do him ill. Was it because his doctrine displeased them? No doubt, Often in our own time do the humbling doctrines of his great Epistle to the Romans, just now warmer in winter and cooler in summer penned, provoke hostility. But Paul than bare soil under similar conditions. neither suppressed nor modified God's sav-The difference of temperature is greatest in ing message to please men. (c) He found summer and least in spring and autumn. | matured disciples to return with him to

Preyer-meetings and Sunday-schools in outlying neighborhoods often repay many fold the laber expended upon them, (d) He tar-

ried at Phillippi to keep with the converts there the passover feast. Did he do this to conciliate in an innocent way those who had not yet quite outgrown the Jewish customs? Perhaps. (e) Then we note the use of "us" and "we" in the fifth and sixth verses, showing that Luke, the writer, has now rejoined the Apostle.

2. A glimpse of a primitive Sunday (7-12) -The first day of the week was our Sunday. And how plainly is it here indicated that already this was the usual day when the disciples came together to break bread. The practice had become a custom. In his first letter to the Corinthians, written some months before this, we find a still earlier allusion to the first day of the week as set apart for religious duty: "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store," etc.-(1 Cor. 16:1)

It was on the first day of the week that our Savior rose from the dead, and so completed the work of redemption. It was the great day, of the seven, to the early Christian's heart; and early church history confirms what this particular scripture intimates, that it was from the first, their day of assembly for worship. Thus we see how the weekly rest day, the day of respite from toil, and of spiritual refreshment and worship, was transferred from the seventh to the first day of the week. The change had the sanction, and was the act, of the apostles under divine guidance. It is easy to understand why the gathering for worship should have been in 'he evening. Many of the early disciples were slaves of heathen masters, and could not use the daytime as they would. They could not assert their privilege of abstinence from la-

It is interesting to observe that the Lord's Supper came at the end of a service of preaching. In this instance the service was greatly prolonged. This is not an example for us to forlow, save in an exceptional case like the one at Troas. It was Paul's first visit after the church was formed, and also his farewell. He had much instruction to givo and much counsel. Men of the world often continue their assemblies for business and for pleasure until after the midnight hour. Why should Christians not do the same, if there seems to be a call for it? But such a call can not often occur. Where of associations in the United States is 839, preachers can address the same flock every and the membership numbers nearly 110, Lord's day, shorter sermons are more likely | 600. to make a vivid, deep, abiding impression. The Protestant Bishop of Chester has been promptly and ends at the expiration of the appointed time, is more sure to be sustained

The case of Eutychus is so fully narrated, most likely, for the reason that it illustrated the gracious power of God setting a divine seal upon the word and work of the Apostle. The windows, without glass, were really wind-doors, or doors for the admission of air; and the lad, as boys are now fond of doing; preferred to get where the current was least obstructed. Posibly the many lights which marked the oyfulness of the occasion, made him more sleepy. He was not to be blamed, as most modern sleepers at an ordinary church service are. A Sunday-school teacher or a preacher with a class or congregation asleep has spoor encouragement to go on. But where many sleep the fault can not be all

We note that, after the breaking of the bread and the eating, the Apostle "talked a long while." This points to social interchange; perhaps in answer to religious inquiry, and no doubt also in expressions of mutual regard. The after conversation sometimes adds much to the profit and the joy of religious meetings. Is it a good way to rush to the doors, and home, the moment the benediction is pronounced? Even simple, cordial hand-shakings help to cement Christian affection, and to make all who participate eager to come again.

3. An illustration of intentness on the Master's service(13--16)-It is idle to conjecture why the Apostle should have chosen on its quiet and peaceful way without a jar "to go afoot" to Assos. Perhaps he wanted to be alone; perhaps to take along some of the diciples of Troas for further conversation. But we note that he pushed on as rapidly as he could to Miletus. Some of the

places he passed were then famous. Mitylene was the "fair Mitylene" of Horace, the capital of Lesbos, the birthplace of Sappho, and Alcaeus. Chios and Lamos had their legendary and historical associations. But none of these things detained the Apostle. He would not even stop at Ephesus, where were so many Christian friends, dear to his heart, lest he should be detained too long. Always it was with him as it is with any whole-souled Christian worker, his eye was single. "This one thing

PEACTICAL SUGGESTIONS. 1. Note Paul's idea of the use of life; not for ease, honor, riches or pleasure, but to

do what he could to win this world for 2. It is wonderful how often God thwarted the plans of Paul's enemies, thus teaching us that he never forgets his true servants. 3. The early Christian workers often went in bands, partly to carry the more influence with others-which is at least a suggestive

4. No positive command to keep the first day of the week, as our day of rest and worship, could be more assuring than the example of the apostles and early Chris-

5. If we love what the Lord's day commemorates we shall want the whole of it for religious duty and worship. 6. Is the Lord's Supper as much to us as day? Christ's death and resurrection ought | they wanted relative rank.

to be the centre of every Christian's hope and joy. Sleepers and languid worshipers in Churca imperil their souls, if not their bodies. Though the services be ever so dull, God is present to hear and bless, and is not to be dishonored by indifference and listless-

What Is a Pound Sterling? IW. Mattieu Williams, in the Gentleman's Maga-

This question was asked of Sir Robert

Peel in the House of Commons, and he re-

plied by pitching a sovereign to the querist.

No better answer is possible. Some years ago when teaching political economy at University College School I presented to my and encouraged by the question, he went on: pupils a curious problem as follows: Our "It ain't right, don't you see, that I should currency is all based on the sovereign, and be beneath 'im? Wy, of I was to go onto his pupils a curious problem as follows: Our the sovereign, as defined by act of Parlia- ship, the boy I brought up to obedience ment, is the 1-1,869 of £40 troy, or, otherwise stated, anybody, taking ingots of standard gold to the mint may have them coined he tarried long enough to gather a company | without charge into sove eigns, at the rate of 1,869 for every £40 troy; these 1,869 weighing £40, the same as the ingot gold. This being the case, what is the troy weight of each sovereign? I offer the same problem | case quite similar to yours.' to my readers. Those who attempt to work it out will find that they have to face a prob- | gave another hitch to his lower gear. lem something like squaring the circle. I have gone as far as thirteen places of deci- Grant, 'who is postmaster of a little town in Epistle to the Romans, and possibly that to | mals, showing the weight of a sovereign to | Kentucky. He lives in a plain way, in a be nearly 123.2744783306537 grains. How small house. He is a nice old man, but he much further one might go without arriving | isn't much in rank. His son outranks him at the actual weight I can not say. The simplest attainable vulgar fraction is 123 171-623 grains. Nothing could be clumsier | there, and he is surrounded by the nicest of than this. It has caused volumes to be written by currency paradoxers who have takes a notion to. He could remove his denounced the abomination of fixing the father from office in a minute if he wanted price of gold. Why, say they, should we to. But he doesn't want to. And the old not have free trade in gold? Why should man—that's Jesse Grant, you know—doesn't Corinth his old enemies, the Jews, "laid | the Government arbitrarily fix its price at | seem to care about the inequality in rank. 13 17s. 10 led. per ounce instead of allowing I suppose he is glad to see his boy get along supply and demand to fix the price of this in the world. commodity as of other things? Had the weight of the sovereign been a simple fraction of an ounce, say one-quarter of an ounce, this question would have answered itself at once by showing that because four sovereigns weigh one ounce the value of She sees little ones whom she knows, sees
by seed as and young as she is,
She sees little ones whom she knows, sees
her mamma's friends who walk or drive
siowly by, looking at the house of mourningert, sometimes even luxuries in
ing and evidently speaking of it. Then
the fluctuations of temperature are
ing and evidently speaking of it. Then
the fluctuations of temperature are
the regions which gave the gospel to them!

She sees little ones whom she knows, sees
her mamma's friends who walk or drive
slowly by, looking at the house of mourning and evidently speaking of it. Then
the regions which gave the gospel to them!

She sees little ones whom she knows, sees
her mamma's friends who walk or drive
slowly by, looking at the house of mourning and evidently speaking of it. Then
the regions which gave the gospel to them! gold measured by sovereigns (i. e. its price)

OB. BAD I KNOWN!

LY HARRIET PERSONT STOUPURD.

f I had thought so soon she would have died. He said, I had been tenderer in my speech, had a moment lingered at her side. And held her, ere she passed beyond my reach, if I had thought so soon she would have died.

That day she looked up with her startled eyes, Like some burt creature where the woods are With kisses I had stilled those breaking sighs, With kisses closed those eyellds into sleep, That day she looked up with startled eyes.

O, had I known she would have died so soon, Love had not wasted on a barren land, Love like those rivers under torrid noon Lost on the desert, poured out on the sandh, had I known she would have died so soon!

-The Bazar. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE AND INCL. DENT.

John Bright is in favor of delivery of the mails by carriers on Sundays as on the other days of the week, whereat the Sabbatarians and very many of his fellow-Quakers are much offended.

Rev. J. O. Peck has created a buzz among

the drones in the New Haven society hive

by his sermon denouncing clubs, from the text, "The young man who pitches his tent toward Sodom There was once a man being married and the minister made a very long prayer. When he concluded the groom whispered in

his ear: "This may be an anxious, but it is not a protracted, meeting." In 1800 Romanists constituted one-third op the population of Great Britain and Ire-land; in 1884 they constituted less than oneseventh. In the English-speaking countries

of the world there are 11,000,000 Roman Catholics and 88,000,000 Protestants. "I hope you maintain a family altar at your home," said the parson, "and have regular prayers morning and evening." "Well yes, I did have 'em for awhile," replied the backslider; "but finally I quit. I was

afeared I was making myself obnoxious." The Young Men's Christian Associations of this country have enjoyed great prosperity the past year. Eighty societies own build ings valued at \$3,000,000. The total number

strongly recommending both the study German and the reading of novels. The latter, he says, should be used not as bread, but as jam, and he reveals the secret that the chief professor of theology in Oxford University spends most of his time over works

A Canadian Bishop of Scotch birth was the guest some time ago of a certain rector in Buffalo. Speaking of his visit afterward the old centleman said: "They were all grad people, and most kind I am sure; but do you know, my dear, they gave me water to drink at the table and upon going to bed, as if I had been a horse."-New York Trib

The Holy Son of God most high, For love of Adam's lapsed race, Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky

To bring us to that happy place. His robes of light he laid aside, Which did His Mejesty adorn, And the frail state of mortal tried, In human flesh and figure born.

The Son of God thus man became,

And by their second brth regain

That men the sons of God might be,

A likeness to His deity. -Henry Moore. There has been a great change in the state of affairs in a very few months. The southern Presbyterian church, which was so severe upon the Orthodoxy of the Cumberland Presbyterian church at the Presbyterian council at Belfast, seems now to be sadly disturbed by contests over supposed error in the citidel of Orthodoxy in South Carolina, while the Cumberland Presbyterian church moves

and without any suspicion of unsoundness in its theological halls and pulpits. O blessed day, which givest the eternal lie To self and sense, and all the brute within! Oh! come to us, amid this war of life; To hall and hovel, come; to all who toll in senate, shop, or study; and to those Who sundered by the wastes of half a world, Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face

Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem, The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine, And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

The growth of skepticism among the Pro testant Germans is becoming painfully evident to the professing Christians of the empire from the remarkable falling off in the attendance at the Churches. This is especially trne of the large cities. Hamburg has 400, 000 inhabitants, but only 5,000 attend Cherch on the average, while in Berlin, with 1,000-000 population, the average Church attendance does not exceed 20,000. Some cynic has remarked that the decline in religious interest in Germany is due to the beer,

which, he says, is better than preaching. President Grant's Little Story. Ex-Secretary Robeson, quoted in the Washington Correspondence of The Cincianati Com-

"By the way," he went on "I remember an incident that clearly illustrates his General Grant's character. When I was Secretary of the Navy some hundreds of the sailors of the better class came to me and asked to have some rank giver them. They didn't it was to those who observed it every Lord's | care about an increase of pay, they said, but

"I couldn't do anything for them, but

they came several times, and were rather

importunate, and I finally led a delegation

of them over to the White House and let

them present their petition to President

Grant in person. They told him what they wanted, and argued for a redress of their grievances plainly but forcibly.
"At last an old boatswain came to the front, and hitching up his trousers and turning over his incumbent quid, he said: 'Mr. President, I can put this 'ere matter so's you can see it plain. Now, here, I be-a parent; in fact, a father. My son is a midshipman. He outranks me, don't you observe? That ain't right, don't you see?"

"'Indeed," said Grant; who appointed him a middy? "The Secretary here,' the bo'sun said would boss his own father! Jest think of

that! "'An' be has better quarters 'n me, and better grub, nice furn'ture, an' all that; sleeps in a nice soft bed 'n all that. See!' "'Yes,' the President said; 'yes, the world is full of inequalities. I know of a

"The old bo'sun chuckled quietly, and

"'I know of an old fellow,' said General more than your son does you. His son lives in Washington, in the biggest house furniture, and eats and drinks anything he

"The old bo'sun looked down at the carpet, and tried to bore a hole in it with his toe, and his comrades all laughed at him joyously, and slapped him on the back, and filed out in great glee. It was the last I ever heard of the petition or the petitioners. The old be'sun flung his quid into a cuspidor as he left. Probably he had concluded to give

Chickens hatched by electricity are among the poyelties of the present year,

up thinking."

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ters as a stimulant, In Its Various Forms, FEVER and AGUE.

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